

IN THE PRESCENCE OF AMOUR

by Andrew "Change" Huang

darling,

do you still remember the tango?
let us have a lesson tonight—
you in your red, fiery dress,
and me in my dark pinstripes suit.

i wrap my arms around you,
tracing my fingers down your deep
exposed back to the loose seams
on your dress; and with a corte—

slow,
slow,
quick, quick,
slow—

the red threads unravel the fabric
that clings tightly to your body,
leaving you with only your red stiletto
and our interlocking fingers.

we let the night overcome us,
as if our bodies are caressed by
the wild bellowing of bandoneons
and the soft pinching piano—

slow,
slow,
quick, quick,
slow.

lean a little closer, into an enganche,
where our chests are in close embrace
and our breaths brush our necks—
being barely a kiss, barely a peck.

for tonight, the night is still sharp.
we pause briefly for a short staccato,
before going another round of rueda.
so are you ready? let us begin—

darling,

slow,
slow,
quick, quick,
slow.